

A
SATYR
AGAINST
WOOING:

With a View of the Ill Consequences
that attend it.

Written by the Author of

The Satyr against Woman.

*Si tibi simplicitas uxoris, deditus uni
Est animus, summitte caput, cervice parata
Ferre fugum: nullam invenies quae parcat amanti.*

by R. Gould

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L O N D O N,

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To

Sir Fleetwood Sheppard, &c.

WHile the vain Fop his vainer Mistress sues,
Growing more slavish as he longer Woo's,
(For she but flies because the Sot pursues)
You, Sir, a safer, nobler way have ran,
For an ill Age a general Good began,
And shewn the ways of Liberty to Man.
Unpitied let the Husband mourn his strife,
That Woo's, and Lies, and labours for a Wife.
Mean while to you our Praise we justly pay,
Whom Woman's utmost Art cou'd ne'er betray,
Or all her Charms seduce to quit your Native Sway.
Learning and Prudence rais'd you safe, above
The snares of Wedlock, and the smiles of Love;
In their embrace a nobler Prize you sought,
And to their Empire lasting Conquests brought.
'Twas strange to be the Foe of Love so Young.
But strange to retain the Bent so long.
Nor heat of Youth, nor yet your Elder Tears
(For many a Man is fonder as he wears)
Cou'd ever plunge you in that Sea of Cares.

Constant to Peace, you still avoided strife,
The Rocks, the Shelves, and Quick-sands of a Wife,
That wak'n'd of Despair, and Scourge of Life!
'Twas not because you never saw the Flame;
In Crouds of Beauties you were still the same,
And, looking back, despis'd the following Game:
Thus, flying, you the beauteous Victors beat,
And Parthian like, secur'd the Conquest by Retreat:
Disarm'd of all their Darts, the Fantoms fled,
By your persisling Sense their Pow'r struck dead,
And Wit and Friendship govern'd in their stead.
Friendship! Heav'n's holiest Tye and Balm of Life!
And Wit! that never cou'd consist with strife.
How are we pleas'd at ev'ry word you speak!
How do we glow to see the Lightning break!
Inevitable Mirth our Grief controuls,
Shines thro' the sullen Gloom, and warms our Souls!
Sadness it self does in thy Presence wear
A Pleasing look, and Poets lose their Care.
There's not a Soul can stir while thou dost stay!
To ev'ry Mind you Life and Light convey,
Just as where e'er the Sun arrives 'tis Day!

Why shou'd not Wit, a blessing so sublime
As it from Love, secure thee too from Time?
It will not be! ----- the Body falls of Course;
But thy Immortal Name's above his Force.

R. G.

A
SATYR
AGAINST
WOOING, &c.

TRue Love (if yet there such a thing can be)
Is where two Persons mutually agree ;
And marry next (to Root out all debate)
VVithout thought of Portion, or Estate :
Then both alike, with cheerful Labour, strive
By Honesty and Industry to Live,
Alike contented, if they're poor, or thrive.
Thus, living Happily and Dying late,
They scarce find Heav'n a more Exalted State.

But O! th' *Arabian Phoenix* is less rare
Than such a happy, such a wondrous Pair !
Not in an Age a Mutual Couple shown ;
And 'tis as certain that the Fault's our own.
We Sigh and Weep, with hopes and fears perplex
Our Selves, and Deify a faithless Sex.

As

As Butchers blow their Veal and taint their Ware,
Praise does to Woman what a stinking Breath does there.

Scarce has the Foppling Sixteen Summers Seen,
The Down scarce yet appearing on his Chin,
But he a Fingling in his Blood does find,
And thinks he's fit to propagate his Kind;
And were that all, he shou'd not have our blame,
Since every other Brute pursues the same:
Enjoy'd, at once they lose their Lust and Strife;
But he more thoughtless, pushes at a Wife,
And thinks Desire will only end with Life.

But e'er he can effect his mad Design,
And in th' unquiet Clamorous Union join,
The two old Fathers, very gravely meet
To adjust the Young ones shaking off the Sheet
Th' Hereditary Mannor House and Grounds
The Joynture, and in lieu Five thousand pounds
What's this but just like Tradesmen bargaining Ware?
Or cheating Jockeys in a Smith-field Fair,
An even Chop between the Horse and Mare?

The Match thus made up, (thoughtless of th' Event,
The Noddy's new to get the Nymph's Consent,
In order to't he Powders and Perfumes
And, three long hours in Dressing spent, presumes
At last before the Idol to appear,
Bowing, as if the Deity were there:
Not more could be the Rapture had she been.

A Song against Wining.

A bright, and just descended Cherubin.
But now the speaking Faculty does seize
The As, that breaks out smooth in Words like these.

Madam— What shall I say, or how impart
In Language that may make you feel the smart,
The mighty Anguish of my bleeding Heart,
Wounded by You, nor able to endure,
The raging Pain, I humbly Kneel for Cure,
O let thy looks thy future Love Declare;

As bright Aurora does a Day that's Fair,
Do not, Ah! do not, give a dismal glare
Of gloomy Scorn thy Smiling Mercy shew,
But let those Eyes, that can the Sun controul,
Shine with Enlivening Warmth upon my Soul,
And an undone, despairing Lover see,
Whose most Glory is to dye your Slave.

O Sor! that knows not Wedlock is a more
Incessant Toyl than tugging at the Ore,
The Joy of which he Dreams to stand possessor,
A Bed-fellow that never will let him rest;
In fatal kindness, draining of his Strength,
Or Curtain Lectures, fatal for their Length,
Knows all his secret Games, his fully heart,
Lessens his Hopes, and does increase his Fears,
And Studies how to Plague him forty Years.

Had not a blunt Address been much more fit
And, at that Juncture, better than this Wit.

Madam

As Sir **Against Wooing.**

Madam (tho' 'tis a Truth that's something bold) *But* *Madam*
We here are by our Parents bought and Sold:
Tho' they say: *Crails*, *Prayles* *war* *be* *Mad*, *and* *that* *the* *the* *the*
But make the best of what will else be Bad:
They've *hook* *us*, let us go an equal Pace,
'Tis walking Hand in Hand that wins this Race.
Tho' yet of Love we may but little know,
If after Marriage we can Loving grow,
We shall be the first Pair that e'er did so.

But to return—the Pop's Oration 'ore
(To many a Meaner Drab address'd before)
He little thinks what Torment will succeed;
That he so soon shall be a Slave indeed:
That all the Joys and Innocence of Life
Fly their Invet'rate Opposite—*the* *Wife*
That Friendship, Wine and Wit, like Truth to Sin,
All hurry out as Marriage enacts in.

Well, but the Lady proud of the Applause,
Her Mouth into a squeamish Posture draws,
And cries, *Ab Sir* *h* *y* *ave* *learn* *the* *Courtier's* *Art*
To speak fine Words, but distant from your Heart!
These Compliments were better said before
Some fairer Object, that can't charm *your* *eyes*.

O Madam! He Replies, you are unjust,
Can you inevitable Charms distrust
With Eyes that Dangle and with Conquer'd Hearts

A Satyr against Wooing.

5

*We own your Pow'r, your Raptures Flames and Darts:
Charm more than You? O touch not that extreme!
What Goddes does her own Divinity Blaspheme?*

Thus does the Coxcomb entertain the Fair;
Who, at the same time, is so pleas'd to hear,
That she forgets she is to be a Bride,
And loses all her Leach'ry in her Pride.

Impossible a Man shou'd keep up to
That warm Discourse in which he first did Woo:
It can't be always Angel, Love and Dear!
Celestial! Orient Eyes! and Matchless Fair!
Nor can the first Embrace, the warm Delight,
Find a like Repetition every Night:
These failing, Wedlock grows a thing accurst;
A VVise expects it still as 'twas at first.

Here sinks our Florid Fop—and in his Train,
To the same Snare, comes on the Rhiming Swain;
The Sot that Writes, and is an Ass by Rule,
The *Calia*, *Silvia*, *Chloris*, *Phyllis* Fool:
Song is his Mear, his Drink, his Mistress too,
For 'tis to shew his Wit that makes him Woo;
Tho' there are better ways that Gift to prove,
Than wasting time in Courtship, Noise and Love.
No new Collection can of Verse appear,
No Farce, no Comedy thro' all the Year,
But you'll be sure to meet our Coxcomb there:

C

Proud

Proud to his senseless Songs to Print his Name,
And thinks his Whining, *Love*; and Scribling, *Fame*.

This bad, and yet that other Songster's worse,
Whose *Madrigals* flow only from his Purse,
So much for *Making* he at first bestows,
For *Setting* next the second Guinea goes;
The singing Master sharp's another Spill;
Ah! Sir, he gargling cries, — *That Note must kill!*
At Midnight he for Serenade prepares,
As if (alike disturbing sickly Ears)
He must ring his Chimes when the Bells go theirs.
In vain this Cost and Toil; for still 'tis found
There's nearer ways to VVood than going round:
Some Brawny Groom, as thus the Fop hums on,
Cries Ough, and Mounts, and the Love-suit is done.
Thus to the Fool the Filly's ready broke,
The Clown her Pleasure, and the Fop her Cloak.

But granting that there were a Nymph so choice,
That lik't her Lover purely for his Voice;
Ev'n granting that, 'twill not be very long
E'er she'll like *Something* better than a Song.
A Common Singer on the Stage has there
VVhere Voice will do, th' Advantage of a Peer:
Or tho', by chance, his Lordship led the way,
VVhat one Fool has possess, all others may.

Next

Next to this, Wooer we the Slave may place
With the sad watry Eyes, and Ruful Face,
That sighs out all his hours, and in the Groves,
Carves on the Beeches his unprosp'rous Loves.
Sot! only fit to make his Court to Trees,
That hopes a Cure, yet tells not his Disease.
If she appears he shakes, a Deathlike Pale
Sits on his Visage—but the mournful Tale
Some Friend, at last, to the lov'd Lady bears,
And with the tender Accents wounds her Ears :
She Melts, and now the Joy he wish't is come;
VVon without VVords, she's born in Triumph home—— }
Happy! if he wou'd still continue Dumb,
And pray the Pow'rs to take his Hearing too,
And save him from the Clamour to ensue.

If by his Cowardice this gets Success,
The Bully, you may Judge, expects no less :
Mad to enjoy, he ventures Life and Limb,
As if the Nymph were only made for him;
And Marriage were not binding, just, or good,
Unless he cut his way to it thro' Blood.
Thus the first hour we loving Fops commence,
Away goes Christianity and Sense.
A Father's Precepts lose their pious force,
For Counsel makes a hardn'd Blockhead worse.
Still he fights on, and the most Common Drab
He meets with, Courts with Duel and with Stab :

So that at last (from Justice fled for fear)
His Lot does with this double choice appear,
To starve abroad, or to be truss'd up here.

Vain Man! is this our Boast of being brave?
Is this the Prudence above Beasts we have?
They tear and gore, and will no Rival bear
In Rutting time, — our Rutt holds all the Year;
Condemn'd to Drudge in those unfathom'd Mines,
And fonder grow the swifter Life declines.

This brings me to the stale gray Fop in Years,
That daily at the Park and Play appears,
The Scandal and Disgrace of Silver Hairs:
The Ladies Hearts with Perfumes t' engage
Aping in vain the Youthful Lover's Rage,
For VVomen know too well the Wants of Suplefs Age.
'Tis true, some Men t' a Vig'rous Age arrive,
But it is then too late to *Woo* and *Wive*.
Who'd shake the Sands when there's so few to run?
And clap on Leeches when the Blood is gone?
Yet e'en in Impotence they're still the same,
And hold the Cards tho' they can't play the Game;
When Nature does in Opposition strive,
And the last rak't up Ember's scarce alive.

With this weak Wretch we may the lean one joyn
Who (choosing Food that Steels him in the Chine)
Feeds for a Mistres like a fatting Swine

A Starv'ling just before of Meagre Face,
But he crams on and will be brought in case.
Wisely he lays his Fund for Pleasure in,
He need not fear the being drain'd again.
This Fop of all Fops Ladies most shou'd prize,
Light of their Steps, and Jewel of their Eyes!
Famous as *Spouse* that all the Gravy Sips,
And like Laborious Bees he lades his Hips;
Tho' he that Eats that way r' encrease his Gust,
Is but a Linbeck for a Woman's Lust.

But what can that Notorious Coxcomb say
That, for a Wife, dissolves his Fat away?
If he so pank't to strike a heat before,
The loss of Spirits will unbreath him more.
The first has some pretence for feeding high;
The more this wafts the less he'll satisfie:
Or with his Strength shou'd he not lose desire,
Yet weakness will not do what she'll require.
Fool! at her Lover's Corpulence to frown,
When she her Self so soon cou'd melt him down,
And all the Pleasure of the Change her own.
But to please her, tho' he was Horse-man's Weight
Full fifteen Stone, he brings himself to Eight;
And thinking this way to get more in Breath,
Gets a Consumption first, and next his Death:
Happier in that, how e'er, than longest Life,
With all his former Garbage and a Wife.

But the proud Lover now 'tis time to name,
 He that beyond his Fortune takes his Aim;
 Scorns with Two Thousand Pound the Country Girl,
 And all less than the Daughter of an Earl:
 There he Addresses, Masks and Balls are made,
 But finds 'em all too little to perswade.
 Slightring his Love, and Haughty as she's Fair,
 What can the Coxcomb do but next Despair?
 And where that is the Cause, we know th' Effect
 Is Madness—Pride cou'd never bear Neglect.
 Hanging, or Poysoning he does now intend,
 Nor does indeed deserve a better end.
 In Quality what was there ever seen
 Beside Rich Cloaths, and an affected Mein,
 Expensive Living, and a Fame decay'd,
 We might not find in any meaner Maid?
 If a rich Consort was so much his Care,
 Why must she be descended from a P——r? {
 The greatest Fortunes are not met with there:
 Why rak't he not among the City Heirs?
 Whence most of our Nobility have theirs;
 And by the ill got Portions Spend-thrifts made,
 Down to the same Degree their Line degrade,
 From Trades-men sprung, and prentic'd to a Trade. }

As mad as this is he to Learning Bred,
 That thinks to gain a Mistress by his Head;
 When any Block-head sooner shall prevail
 That scorns that Aid, and courts her with his Tail.

What

What need of using all the Liberal Arts,
So well receiv'd with our own Natural Parts?
The Fools in Verse enough themselves expose,
Yet are exceeded by this Fool in Prose.
His Love's the very Bird-lime of his Brain,
And pulls some part away with every Strain:
Wou'd but my Lady's tawdry Woman show
The *Billets* sh^e has receiv'd from *Chaplain Beau*;
(Who, with his fair Wig, and fine Cambrick Band,
Thinks all the Ladies are at his Command,
Wou'd she, I say, but design to let you see
This Rhetorician in his Gaiety,
In all his *Tropes* and *Figures*, and the rest
Of those hard Terms in which his Passion's dress'd;
You'd swear a Woman by such Courtship won,
Wou'd not deny th^e Address of a *Baboon*,
Whose Chatt'ring she wou'd understand as soon.
Beyond her Knowledge all his *Stile* does run,
And if he wins her he's beyond his own;
More dull the deeper in her Books he gets,
That study where the wisest lose their *VVits*.

But now comes one who (disregarded here)
Flies to the Sea to quench his Passion there;
And does expect from the more faithfull Main
A milder Fate than from her cold Disdain:
Farewel, he cries; *when of my Death you hear,*
In kindness let there fall one pitying Tear;

My Ghost will then to the Elixian Grove
 Fly pleas'd, else haunt you for neglected Love;
 Away he goes; the VVinds, the Rocks, the Sand
 Less cruel thinks than her he left at Land:
 So far he's well:—but e'er his Travail ends,
 To vex her, he his Patrimony spends.
 In *France*, or *Rome*, at last his Heart he frees,
 His Passion loses, and gets their Disease,
 The main Commodity of either Nation,
 Here a *False Faith*, and there a *Salivation*.
 Vain Fool! for such Relief so far to Roam!
 He might as well have met that Cure at home:
 Here Quacks in Surgery and Religion too
 Abound, which elder *Britain* never knew;
 Produc'd in ev'ry Corner of our Isle,
 As *Heat* does Monsters from the slime of Nile.
 Return'd, some second Fair does now delight;
 Proud of the chance, to his old Mistress fight
 He brings the New, and Marries then in Spight.
 Exults, and Triumphs in his happy Fate:—
 —A VVife, the Pox, and not a Groat Estate.

This Slave's attended by a Wretch as bad,
 Who by his Itch of Pleasure is betray'd:
 Wooes for Enjoyment only, and succeeds;
 (For little Courtship that Intention needs)
 And, tho' the Mark is what all Coxcombs hit,
 He from that Minute dates himself a Wit:

Glories that he the subtle Bait has took, And thus vinted
 Without the Fate of hanging on the Hook, And thus he
 Not Dreaming, Ideot, tho' one Danger's o'er, And thus he
 He yet is nearer Ruine than before. And thus he
 For from Enjoyment she has took her Cue, (Woos)
 Does Kneel, and Pray, and Swoon, and Weep and
 Since y' ave the Jewel take the Casket too, And thus he
 She cries, Ah! Can you throw her from your Arms And thus he
 Whose only Crime was yielding to your Charms? And thus he
 So Sweet you lookt, so Passionately swore, And thus he
 I lost my Breath and could resist no more And thus he
 If by such Words he is not prevail'd to stay, And thus he
 Again she Kneels, again she Dies away, And thus he
 Thus Night and Day his Privacies she 'll haunt, And thus he
 And make him swear anew to every Grant: And thus he
 Plies him so hard he's forc'd at last to Yield, And thus he
 For if he pities her he has lost the Field. And thus he
 Whose Drab a Man may Marry is unknown, And thus he
 The fatal Proofs of that are daily shown: And thus he
 But of all Whores I least should wed my own. And thus he

In this loose Train the Widower to behold,
 Will scarce obtain Belief when it is told:
 By his good Fate, and Providence's Care
 Free'd from the Yoke, who would not now beware?
 Sav'd from a Wreck and safely put on Shore,
 A thinking Man would trust the Rocks no more.
 But Mariners, you 'll say must go to Sea,
 And there's for Wedlock more Necessity:

Posterity must last, and Bread be had—
 And can't this be without my being Mad?
 If Trades-men for the meek support of Life,
 Willing to suffer Discontent and Strife,
 Let (as their Consorts are cut off and Die)
 Another *Hydra's* Head the Place supply,
 What then? Must he that has a large Estate,
 And Children too that for Advancement wait,
 Adore and be at the same Amorous Pass,
 As when, at Twenty, he Commenc'd an Ass,
 Bring a Step-Mother to his Elder Brood
 (A sort of Creature always Poor and Lewd)
 And, gratifying her, no Right preserve?
 Her's have th'Estate, his former Children starve
 Whoring is bad; it's Consequences worse,
 But such a Marriage is the heavier Curse

But these not all, there's yet one Fool appears,
 Scrutting like a Lieutenant in the Rear,
 The witty Fop, I mean, that Woots in jest,
 Conceives he's safe, and laughs at all the rest:
 Courts all, and all alike; and who believes,
 Born to be false, he certainly deceives.
 No Marriage comes within his lewd Intent;
 Yet talks as if he only Marriage meant.
 A Thousand Oaths of Constancy does Swear,
 And will be ever tampering with the Snare.
 Playing with Love, but makes the Snake grow warm,
 And there's a Time we can't avoid the Charm.

His Weakness, or Neglect he'll surely show,
That always will be parlying with the Foe.
Examine all the Annals ever writ,
You'll still find Woman was too hard for Wit.
As when on Ship-board (as the Tale does run)
The famous Monkey, playing with the Gun,
Upon, now under, and now in woud go;
And this so oft repeated by the *Bean*,
That off went Wisdom, and the Bullet too.
Or as a Moth that round the Taper plays,
Now here, now there in's Mealy Wings displays,
Till bold at length, mistaking Fire for Light,
He meets with Ruine where he sought Delight.
Just so our crafty Coxcomb round the edge
Of Wedlock wantons, till the slippery sedge
Upon the Bank gives way, and lets him in —
Laugh! *Hymen* laugh! And let the *Satyr* grin!

By this time I foresee Objections rise;
A thankless Task the bidding Fools be wise.
What Man, they'll say, can stand upon his Guard
For ever? Such a Watchfulness were hard.
Beside 'tis Nature's powerful Call; nor can
That Sex be seen without Desire by Man.
Not all our Courage, Wisdom, Pow'r, or Art,
Can bring Relief where Love has fixt his Dart.
Ev'n mighty *Jove* that cou'd the *Lightning* tame,
Melted himself before this Brighter Flame.

Look but on Woman (for w^e are bid increase)
 And what hard Heart wou'd have *Collision* cease?
 Angels at first, then Man was form'd by Heaven,
 And to 'em both Transcendent Graces giv'n
 The first created Pure to wing the Skies,
 Where Beatifick Visions feed their Eyes,
 The last, the Lord of this Creation made,
 With such a Look as all the Creatures aw'd,
 But in that Sex we Man and Angel find,
 In one Compendium both their Graces joyn'd,
 Of human half, half of Celestial kind,
 In them both Heav'n and Earth at once Unite;
 Fram'd fit for Love, and molded for Delight,
 Delights that cannot Shou'd not be exprest!
 O let us pause a while—and with the rest

Hold! hold I cry! Or else 'tis mortal War,
 Stretch not your bold Hyperbole's too far:
 Tho' all in Heav'n's design at first was good,
 It must be with restriction understood.
 Believe not we'd have Propagation cease,
 But carry'd on with Innocence and Peace.
 And Men of Sense exempted from the Rules
 Of wedding Misery, and begetting Fools.
 Paul's wishing all like him does make it plain,
 Those Men that please may single Life retain,
 His Words no other Sense but this can bear,
 Be free from Woman and y^e are free from Care.

'Tis true, we own they were by Nature meant,
A Blessing to us, form'd for our Content;
Made in Prosperity our Joys to share,
And in our Wants to mollifie our Care:
Not order'd to command us, but obey,
And are to follow, not to lead the way:
But we pervert that end, and, born to Rule,
Meanly degenerate into Slave and Fool;
Wast on their gawdy Trappings all our store,
Then fall down to the Idol and adore.
Hence to so vast a pitch her Pride does rise,
All that deny her Homage she'll despise:
Kind neither to Desert, or Wit, or VVealth;
But hugs the Fool where she can see her Self.
The Mirrour that returns her Image true,
VWhere, by Reflection, she may have a view
Of something always vain, and always new.
With empty Sound and outward Gesture won,
But bait the Hook with Fool the Work is done.
Fool is their Food, their only dear Delight,
Their daily longing, and their drudge at Night.
The Man of Sense (tho' Marriage he may hate)
Wou'd in his Line continue his Estate;
Ev'n he, too, if he wou'd successful prove,
Must Ape the Fool, and seem the thing they love:
Tho' h' has enjoy'd her he must still adore,
Tho' Master be as servile as before,
Or, chast as Ice, she'll Marry'd turn a Whore.

Well then, you'll say, why all this Discontent ?
 You do but rail at what you can't prevent.
 'Twas never known but Fools were num'rous still,
 Wedlock a Snare, and Wives perversly ill.
 What Remedy can you to Man propose
 That he may not by Love, or Marriage lose ?
 Cou'd that be done in Vain you wou'd not Write,
 Nor Envy say 'twas Prejudice and Spite.

I answer, If Men will their Vice retain,
 And, when Convicted, let their Follies Reign;
 Ev'n *Juvenal* himself had writ in vain:
 In vain as far as it relates to them
 That will not mend, but not in vain to him.
 For tho' we can't of Reformation boast
 Our well meant Labours are not wholly lost,
 Virtue rewards its self; and he that wou'd
 Convert the Vitious, then confirms the Good.
 But to come closer to you:— Wou'd we use
 That Aid we have, and not our Wills abuse,
 A Thousand ready helps before us stand,
 Which the most stupid *Idiot* might command.
 What Man is there that can't forbear to Cringe ?
 And hang his Hope upon that slender Hinge ?
 Who need protest a painted Drab's Divine,
 VVhen she is daub'd more courisly then a Sign ?
 VVho need at VVomens Scorn or Coldness pine,
 That may relieve himself with Friends and Wine.

Who'd

VVho'd tear and rave, and think his Fortune ill
Because one won't, when there's so many will ?
Why are Rich Presents squander'd every Day ?
W' are not oblig'd to throw Estates away.
Why Swearing ? and of Lies a num'rous Rout ?
Virtue wou'd think as well of us without.
Superiour we ; suppose we equal were,
Why all that Adoration ? Standing bare ?
Watching their Eyes ? And placing (to our Cost)
That Heav'n in them by whom our Heav'n was lost ?
May not all these, and num'rous Follies more
(Too shamefull here to mention) be forbore ?
Convicted thus, ev'n you must give your Voice.
That all our Coxcombs Miseries are his Choice.

Then the Adventurer who wou'd happy be
In Wedlock, must these Precepts learn of me.
First, where he likes he must for Marriage sue,
Be true himself, and always think her so.
No Jealousy of Rivals must appear,
For she'll be false if you her falshood fear.
Nor while you Woo be still protesting Love ;
Large Promisers the worst Performers prove.
Then, after Wedlock, ne'er be heard contend,
Happy ! if you can make your Wife your Friend !
Devour her not at once ; but so enjoy
As not to feed too sparingly, or Cloy.
By dext'rous Management, you still must shew
Her good results from her Delight in you.

Give her full freedom; too severe restraint
 Estranges Love, and makes Affection faint.
 Let her wear what she will; your Happiness
 Lies in your being easy, not her Dress.
 No sullenness must in your looks be worn,
 And all her Pets must patiently be born,
 For y^e are her Cuckold if y^e are once her scorn.
 If all this keeps her not to Virtue fast,
 Conclude no Woman ever yet was Chast:
 But if this Usage does her Soul encline
 To Truth, she's happy, and her Joy is thine,
 And only so the Marriage Knot's Divine:
 For as it stands among the Vulgar Fry,
 Or Gentry either, where there's Jealousy,
 Jack Ketch's Noose is far the Holier Tye.

All this is hard, you'll cry, extremely hard!
And if such Doctrine met the World's regard,
The Trade of Lifences wou'd soon be marr'd.
Tis what one of Ten Thousand ne'er cou'd do.
 —Faith, Sir, I am of your Opinion too.
 'Tis therefore En^o earnest with the Men,
 Before they Noose to think—and think agen.
 If with a Wife her Happiness wou'd see,
 Just such a Creature must a Husband be:
 Nay often too with all this Kindness shewn,
 His Heir shall be her Bantling, not his own.

Thus

Thus, Sir, I've freely answer'd your request,
Marry, or Marry not, as like's you best.
But now tis time some Counsel to bestow
Upon *Sir Passionate*, the *Am'rous Bean*,
That he at need may scape a scowring too.
If in his Breast he finds the Poison strong,
H'has then this Comfort 'twill not Rack him long,
The warmer Love the sooner 'twill be cold,
For no extreme in Nature long can hold.
But if the Venom yet more dang'rous prove,
Take what I here prescribe——and laugh at Love.

First set before your Eyes as fair a Piece
As ever Ancient *Rome* produc'd, or *Greece*;
Brighter than *Hellen* that set *Troy* on Fire,
And chaste as Infants that ne'er knew desire:
That Icy Virtue keeps the Lover warm,
(For nothing that's Immodest long can Charm)
Strip but this Puppet of it's Gay attire,
It's ——Gauzes, Ribbons, Lace, Commode and Wire,
And tell me then what 'tis thou dost admire?
First 'tis her pretty Shoe that so prevails;
The charm can ne'er ly in her Toes and Nails.
Her Leg, long, little, wretchedly compos'd,
Shall hinder what is worse to be disclos'd,
Only her Breasts there is no passing by,
Because made bare to Court th' admiring Eye:
These, when they Lace, up to their Chins they Buoy,
And in short heavings artfully employ:

There they look well ; but when the Night is come
 They'r down agen just even with the Bum.
 Next, let her nat'ral Sett of Teeth be shown,
 If she's not Thirty, for she then has none ;
 With eating Sweet-meats rotted from the Gum ;
 So that her Breath is not the best Perfume.
 Her Face, indeed, we own were wond'rous fair,
 If there a Head belong'd to't that had Hair.
 Upon old *Time* you may a *Forelock* find,
 But theirs are false, or brought round from behind.
 Thus Woman, tho by Fools and Flatterers Fam'd,
 Let her Defects from Head to Foot be nam'd,
 Is the most va in unfinish'd Peice that Nature ever Fram'd }

This nice inspection of her Person done,
 Let all her little Implemients be shown :
 Open her secret Boxes ; Patches here
 You'l hoarded find, her Paints and Washes there :
 Loves artfull Lime twigs, where the chattering Ape
 Sits Perch'd, and han't the Judgment to Escape ;
 Pleas'd with his Station there the Buzzard sings,
 But finds his Shackles when he'd use his Wings.
 If in her Bed you e'er perceive her fast,
 Mind how her Face is crufted o'er with Past,
 Or nasty Oils us'd nightly to repair
 Her Skin, quite spoil'd——with taking of the Air.
 The scatter'd Pieces of her artfull Frame
 (More than wou'd take up a whole Day to Name)

Lie strew'd around, and such a Prospect Yield,
As Spoils when Routed Armies leave the Field.
Hip-Cushions, Plumpers, Maffy Pads for Stays ---
And thousand other things, dispers'd a thousand ways.
So that the Fair (like Bone lace when 'tis wrought)
Can't altogether in one Piece be brought
(Her Toils in order and her Am'rous Gins)
Without five hundred Pound a Year in Pins.
A thoughtfull Creature must conclude from hence
The best of 'em not worth that vast Expence;
That the short snatches of Delight we court,
We pay so dear for that it palls the Sport.
Then, what a perfume where she comes is lent?
All over strew'd to hide her nat'ral scent.
So they that stink of *Onions*, if they eat
Garlick, will make the fainter smell retreat;
But then a stronger scent supplies the Room:
And so she cures her Rankness by perfume.
Thus Wooing different we from hunting find
For there w'are pleas'd when Pufs is in the Wind.

If o're the Fop his Passion yet prevails,
And he'l weigh Reason only in his Scales,
Neither to be perswaded, forc'd or sham'd,
But, proud of Bondage, scorns to be reclaim'd;
Let him Woo on-----A little time will shew
He is an Ass, and all our Doctrine true.

F I N I S

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